Your boldeſt ſute of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpoſe merriment: but faryewell,
I haue ſome buſineſſe.
Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenzo* and the reſt,
But we will viſite you at ſupper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ieſſica and the Clowne.

Ieſſica. I am ſorry thou wilt leaue my Father ſo,
Our houſe is hell, and thou a merry diuell
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſſe,
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Lancelet*, ſoone at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maſters gueſt,
Giue him this Letter, do it ſecretly,
And ſo farwell: I would not haue my Father
See me in talke with thee.
Lance. Adew, teares exhibite my tongue, moſt beautifull Pagan, moſt ſweete Iew, if a Chriſtian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adew, theſe fooliſh drops do ſomething drowne my manly ſpirit: adieu. *Exit.*
Ieſſica. Farwell good *Lancelet*.
Alacke, what heynous ſinne is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keepe promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a Chriſtian, and thy louing wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will ſlinke away in ſupper time,
Diſguiſe vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.
Gra. We haue not made good preparation.
Salar. We haue not ſpoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.
Salanio. Tis vile, vnleſſe it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke.
Loren. Tis now but foure a clocke, we haue two houres

To